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THE MERRILL READERS

SECOND READER

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THE MERRILL READERS

SECOND READER

BY

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PREFACE

There is no more direct way to the interest of children in the second school year than through the story. All thought of drudgery vanishes and the lesson is a real source of delight when the reading book furnishes one good story after another. This Second Reader, therefore, is a book of stories — stories in prose and verse.

Fairy tales, fables, and myths form a large part of the book, but there are also many stories of children in real life. All the stories are rich in the qualities that stimulate the imagination and help to establish ideals which children can understand and appreciate. Special attention has been given to the need of telling the stories in a simple, direct style that children can read with ease and pleasure.

Plans for the reading lesson and for phonic work are described in the Suggestions to Teachers which accompany this Series

In the preparation of this book, the authors have had the help of many experts in primary reading, whose suggestions and advice have been of great value. To all of these grateful acknowledgment is due, and in particular to Miss Elizabeth Hall, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Minneapolis; Miss Sarah Withers, Principal of the Training School, Winthrop College, Rock Hill, South Carolina; Miss Margaret M. Morey, teacher in the Model School of the Training School for Teachers, New York City; Miss Edith A. Winship, joint author of *The Merrill Speller;* Miss Julia Fairchild, teacher in the public schools, New York City; and Miss Elga M. Shearer, Assistant Supervisor of Practice in the State Normal School, Superior, Wisconsin.

Grateful acknowledgment is made also of the courtesy of the authors and publishers who have allowed the use of selections in this book: to Miss Sarah Louise Arnold and Silver, Burdett and Co. for the poem "Robins Sing in the Rain"; the Century Co. for "Snowflakes" and "A Plump Little Girl and a Thin Little Bird" by Mary Mapes Dodge; John Kendrick Bangs and the Century Co. for "The Little Elf-man"; Mrs. Margaret Eytinge and the Century Co. for "The Story of the Morning-Glory Seed"; Mrs. May Emery Hall for "Two Little Wooden Shoes" from *Jan and Betje;* Mrs. Emma Payne Erskine for her poem "The Dandelion"; the J. L. Hammett Company for "Grandmother's Sunshine" from the *Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories;* Roland G. Kent and I. Freeman Hall for two selections from *Stories from the Far East;* and Charles Scribner's Sons for the poems by Robert Louis Stevenson.

F. B. DYER
M. J. BRADY

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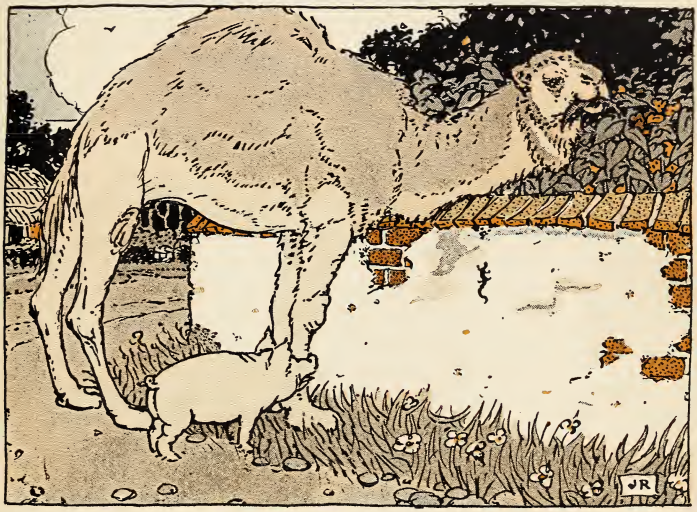


THE CAMEL AND THE PIG

I

One day a little pig went out to walk, and as he walked along, he met a camel.

The camel said, "See how tall I am! There's nothing like being tall."

The little pig said, "Oh, there's nothing like being short. See how short I am!"

"Well," said the camel, "if I cannot prove that I am right, I will give up my hump."

The little pig said, "If I cannot prove that I am right, I will give up my snout."

"All right," said the camel.

"All right," said the pig.

II

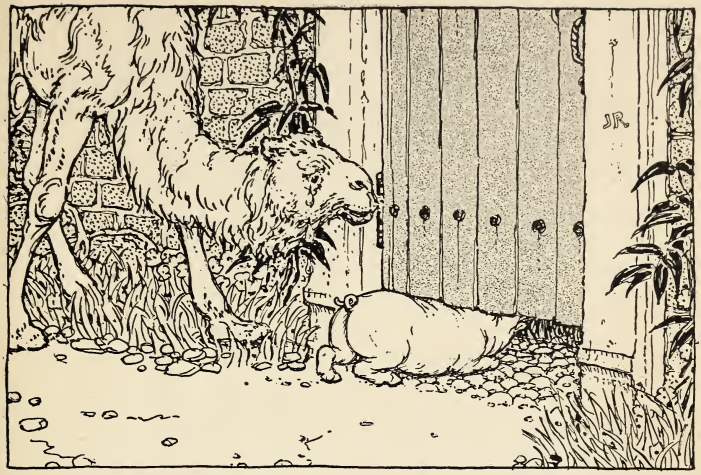
Soon they came to a garden with a low wall around it.

The camel put his long neck over the wall. He could reach the plants in the garden.

"What a fine dinner I shall have!" said the camel.

The poor little pig could not get any of the good things in the garden.

When the camel had eaten all he wanted, he asked, "Now would you rather be tall or short?"



III

Then the camel and the pig walked along till they came to another garden. There was a high wall around this garden.

The little pig ran under the gate in the wall and ate all he wanted.

The camel could not reach over the high wall or get in at the gate.

The little pig laughed at the camel and said, "Now would you rather be tall or short?"

"Well," said the camel, "sometimes it is better to be short. So you need not give up your snout."

And the little pig said, "Sometimes it is better to be tall. So you need not give up your hump."

A Fable from India

THE LARK AND THE CHILD

One day a child saw a lark in the field. She said to the bird, "Good lark, have you any little children?"

"Yes, child, I have," said the lark. "They are very good children, too.

"Here they are. This is Fair Wing, that is Tiny Bill, and the other one is Bright Eyes."

Then the child said, "There are three of us at home, too, — Mary and Alice and myself. Mother says that we are good children and that she loves us very much."

The little larks said, "Our mother loves us very much, too."

"Will you let me take Tiny Bill to play with?" asked the child.

"Oh yes," said Bright Eyes, "if you will send little Alice to play with us in our nest."

"Why, Alice would be sorry to leave home and go away from Mother," said the child.

Then Bright Eyes said, "Tiny Bill would be sorry to leave our nest and go away from Mother, too."

So the child went away saying, "Every one is fond of home."

A Fable from India

A LULLABY

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The great stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

A German Song

THE GINGERBREAD BOY

I

Once upon a time there was an old man and an old woman and a little boy.

One morning the old woman was making gingerbread. She cut out a Gingerbread Boy and put him into the oven to bake.

Then she said to the little boy, "You must watch the Gingerbread Boy while your father and I go out to the garden."

Now the little boy didn't watch the oven all the time. He was looking out of the window, when all at once he heard something. The oven door had popped open!

Out jumped the Gingerbread Boy. He ran across the room and out of the open door.

The little boy ran after him as fast as he could run. He called his father and mother and they began to run, too.

The Gingerbread Boy ran faster than all three of them, and they soon had to sit down to rest.

II

The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on till he came to two men who were digging a well.

They called, "Where are you going, Gingerbread Boy?"

He just laughed at them and shouted,

"I've outrun an old man,
An old woman,
And a little boy,
And I can outrun you, too, I can!"

"You can, can you? We'll see about that," said they.

They ran as fast as they could, but they could not catch him, and soon they had to sit down to rest.

III

On went the Gingerbread Boy, and by and by he came to two men who were digging a ditch.

"Where are you going, Gingerbread Boy?" said they.

The little Gingerbread Boy shouted,

"I've outrun an old man,
An old woman,
A little boy,
And two well-diggers,
And I can outrun you, too, I can!"

"You can, can you? We'll see about that," said they.

They ran after him, but they could not catch him, and at last they sat down to rest.

IV

On went the Gingerbread Boy, and by and by he came to a bear. The bear asked, "Where are you going, Gingerbread Boy?"

He shouted,

"I've outrun an old man,
An old woman,
A little boy,
Two well-diggers,
And two ditch-diggers,
And I can outrun you, too, I can!"

"You can, can you? We'll see about that," growled the bear.

So he trotted after the Gingerbread Boy. But before long the bear was left so far behind that he too gave up the race and lay down to rest.

V

On ran the Gingerbread Boy, and by and by he came to a fox.

The sly fox was lying in a field. He called out, "Where are you going, Gingerbread Boy?"

The Gingerbread Boy laughed and shouted, "I've outrun an old man,

An old woman,

A little boy,

Two well-diggers,

Two ditch-diggers,

And a bear,

And I can outrun you, too, I can!"

Then the fox said, "I can't hear you, Gingerbread Boy. Please come a little closer."

The Gingerbread Boy stopped his race for

the first time, and went close to the fox. In a very loud voice, he called out,

"I've outrun an old man,
An old woman,
A little boy,
Two well-diggers,
Two ditch-diggers,
And a bear,
And I can outrun you, too, I can!"

"You can, can you?" cried the fox.

And just then he grabbed the Gingerbread Boy with his paw and began to eat him!

"Oh dear!" cried the Gingerbread Boy, "I'm quarter gone."

Then he cried in a wee voice,

"Oh, I'm half gone."

And then in a tiny wee voice,

"I'm three quarters gone."

And at last in a tiny, tiny, wee voice,

"I'm all gone."

An English Fairy Tale

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
O wind, a-blowing all day long;
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
O wind, a-blowing all day long;
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

Robert Louis Stevenson

HOW THE FOX TOOK CARE OF THE HERDS

I

Once upon a time there was a woman who had some sheep and goats and pigs. One day she went out to find a man to take care of her flocks and herds.

As she walked along, she met a bear.

"Where are you going?" asked the bear.

"I'm going out to hire a herdsman," said she.

"Why not have me for your herdsman?" asked the bear.

"Well, why not, if you know how to call the flock? Just let me hear you," said the woman.

"Ow-ow-ow," growled the bear.

"No, no, I won't have you," said the woman as soon as she heard him say that, and off she went.

II

When she had gone a little farther, she met a wolf.

"Where are you going?" asked the wolf.

"Oh," said she, "I'm going out to hire a herdsman."

"Why not have me for your herdsman?" asked the wolf.

"Well, why not, if you can call the flock? Let me hear you," said she.

"Uh-uh-uh," cried the wolf.

"No, no," said the woman. "You'll never do for me."

III

So the woman walked on, and soon she met a fox.

"Where are you going?" asked the fox.

"Oh, I'm just going out to hire a herdsman," said the woman.

"Why not have me for your herdsman?" asked the sly fox.

"Well, why not, if you know how to call the flock? Let me hear you," said she.

"Dil-dal!" sang out the fox, in a fine, clear voice.

"Yes, I'll have you for my herdsman," said the woman.

IV

The woman at once sent the fox out into the fields to take care of her flocks and herds.

The sly fox laughed to himself as he ran off. First he found the goats, and one by one he ate them. After that he ate all the sheep, and after that he ate all the pigs.

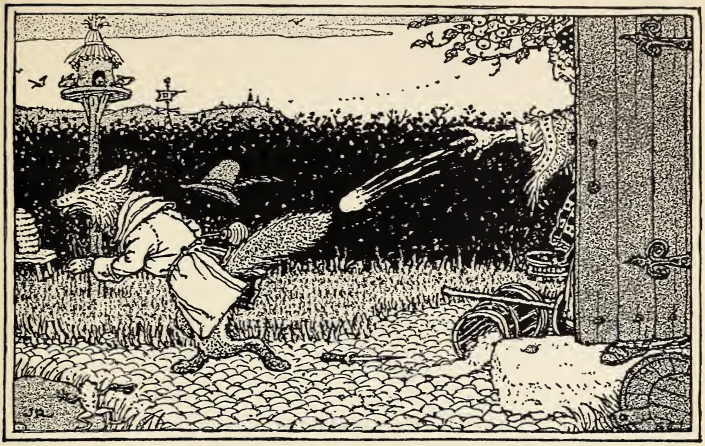
When they were all gone, he went back to the house. He found the woman putting cream into the churn to make butter.

"Where have you left my flocks and herds?" she asked.

"Oh," said the fox, "their bones are in the brook."

The poor woman was frightened and went out to look for her flocks and herds.

As soon as she was out of sight, the sly fox tipped over the churn and ate up the cream.

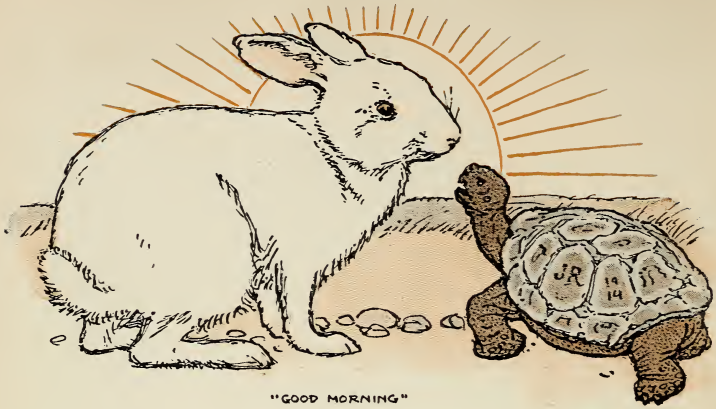


When he heard her coming back, he ran out of the door.

The woman tried to catch him, but she was too late. She could only pick up a bit of the cream from the churn and throw it at the fox as he ran off. The cream hit him on the tip of his tail, and it never came off.

There are foxes to-day with white tips on their tails. Some people say it is all because of the cream that hit the sly fox's tail. But whether that is true or not, I cannot say.

A Story from Norway



"GOOD MORNING"

THE RACE OF THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

HARE TORTOISE FOX

In a field.

I

Tortoise: Good morning, Friend Hare.

Hare: Oh, it's you, is it? You are moving along so slowly that I did not know you were there.

Tortoise: The tortoise family is slow, but we get along well enough in this world.

Hare: Don't you wish you could run the way I do?

Tortoise: You can run fast, I know. But I think I could beat you in a race.

Hare: Beat me in a race! You! Just try and see.

Tortoise: Very well. Shall we ask the fox to be the judge of the race?

Hare: Yes, indeed. Here he comes. Mr. Fox! Will you watch our race?

Fox: A race? Yes, indeed. I always like to see a race.

Tortoise: You must watch us and tell who wins the race.

Fox: All right. Where are you going to run?

Hare: We will run across these two fields to the big apple tree.

Fox: Very well. Are you ready? One, two, three — go!

II

The hare runs a little way and then stops to eat grass.

Hare: I might as well rest a while. The tortoise is so slow that I can take a nap and still win the race.

He goes to sleep. The tortoise walks along without stopping and reaches the tree first.

Hare (*waking up*): Now I must run along to the big apple tree. Then I can wait for the tortoise. How I shall laugh at him! He thinks he can beat me. Ha, ha, ha!

Tortoise (*at the tree*): Are you laughing at me? Mr. Fox, who wins the race?

Fox: Well! Well! Mr. Hare, you are beaten this time. Friend Tortoise is slow, but he doesn't stop on the way. Slow and steady wins this race.

Based on Æsop's Fable

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

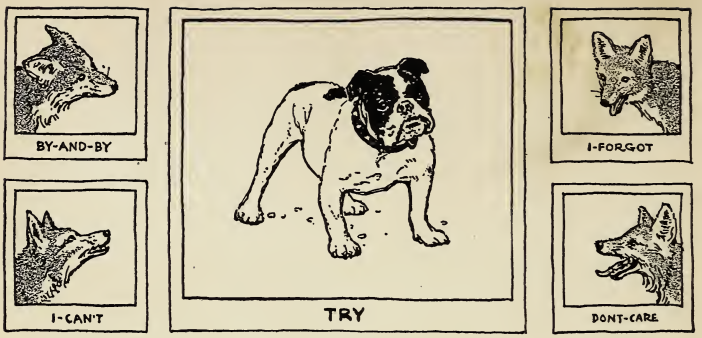
Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand,
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



FOUR LITTLE FOXES

I know some sly little foxes that have funny names. I wonder if you have ever heard of them. They always like to come running around where boys and girls are playing.

One of these sly foxes is named By-and-By. He tries to make friends with me, and tells me all the things he will do if I will come with him. I followed him to his hole one day, and I found that it was called Never.

Another fox is named I-Can't. When he comes near me, I call out my dog Try.

This dog TRY can do wonders. He soon drives away I-CAN'T.

The third fox, a very naughty one, is named I-FORGOT. Mother says that I have played with him a long time, but now I have told him never, never to come near me again.

The fourth fox is just as bad as bad can be. His name is DON'T CARE. I have to run away from him when I see him coming.

I hope you have a dog TRY like mine. I think he's the best friend I have.

They who travel with BY-AND-BY
Soon come to the house of NEVER.

HOW JACK WENT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE

I

Once upon a time a boy named Jack set out to seek his fortune. He hadn't gone very far before he met a cat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" asked the cat.

"I am going to seek my fortune," said he.

"May I go with you?" asked the cat.

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier." So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little farther and they met a dog.

"Where are you going, Jack?" asked the dog.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier." So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little farther and they met a goat.

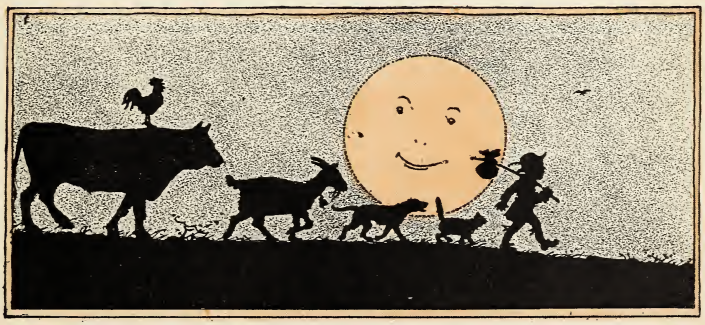
The goat said, "May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier." So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

Soon they met a bull, and the bull said, "May I go with you?"

And then they met a rooster, and the rooster said, "May I go with you?"

So Jack and the cat and the dog and the goat and the bull and the rooster all went to seek their fortune.



All went to seek their Fortunes

II

They went on and on till it was dark, and then they began to look for a place to sleep.

At last they came to a little house. Jack told his friends to keep very still while he found out who lived in the house.

He walked very softly up to the window — and what do you think he saw? Four big robbers counting their money!

"We can't sleep in this house," said Jack to himself. "I wish we could scare the robbers away. Oh, I know what we can do!"

He went back to his friends and told them to stand in a row. "Now you must help me," said he. "When I clap my hands, you must each make all the noise you can."

When they were all ready, Jack clapped his hands. Then the cat mewed, and the dog barked, and the goat bleated, and the bull bellowed, and the rooster crowed.

They made such a loud noise that the robbers were frightened. The four men ran out of the house and far away.

Then Jack and the cat and the dog and the goat and the bull and the rooster all went into the house. They sat down by the fire and had a good supper.

When it was time to go to bed, Jack said, "You must each of you sleep just where I put you."

He put the cat in the big chair and the dog under the table. He put the goat upstairs, and the bull in the cellar, and the rooster on the roof. Then he went to bed.

III

By and by the robbers saw that the house was dark. One of them said, "I'll go up there and try to get our money."

After a while he came running back. Oh, how frightened he was!

This is the story the man told to the other robbers :

As I went into the house, I knocked over a chair, and an old woman with green eyes leaped at me. You can see where she stuck her needle into my hand.

(Who was that, do you suppose ?)

I went to the table to get the money, but some one caught hold of my legs and nearly pulled them off.

(Who was that, do you suppose ?)

I went upstairs, and a man up there hit me with a great stick and knocked me down.

(Who was that, do you suppose?)

Then I went down cellar, and a wild man jumped out at me. He ran after me with a sword.

(Who was that, do you suppose?)

But I would have stayed until I found the money, if it had not been for a fellow on top of the house. He kept shouting, "Chuck him up to me! Chuck him up to me!"

(That was the cock-a-doodle-doo, you know.)

So the robbers never went back to their house, and Jack and his friends lived there together.

AN OLD ENGLISH STORY

OVER IN THE MEADOW

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one;
So she winked and she blinked,
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two;
So they swam and they leaped,
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,

Lived a mother bluebird
And her little bluebirds three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three;
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother muskrat
And her little muskrats four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four;
So they dived and they burrowed,
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honeybee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five;
So they buzzed and they hummed,
In the snug beehive.

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH

THE STORY OF THE MORNING-GLORY SEED

One day a little girl dropped a morning-glory seed into a small hole in the ground and said, "Now, morning-glory seed, hurry and grow, grow, grow. Grow until you are a

tall vine covered with pretty green leaves and lovely flowers."

But the earth was very dry, for there had been no rain for a long time, and the poor little seed could not grow at all.

The seed lay in the small hole for nine long days and nine long nights. Then it said to the ground around it, "Oh, ground, please give me a few drops of water to soften my hard brown coat, so that it may burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves. Then I can begin to be a vine."

But the ground said, "That you must ask of the rain."

So the seed called to the rain, "Oh, rain, please come down and wet the ground around me, so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then my hard brown coat will grow softer and softer, until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves. Then I can begin to be a vine."

But the rain said, "I cannot, unless the clouds hang lower."

So the seed called to the clouds, "Oh, clouds, please hang lower and let the rain come down and wet the ground around me, so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then my hard brown coat will grow softer and softer, until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves. Then I can begin to be a vine."

But the clouds said, "The sun must hide first."

So the seed called to the sun, "Oh, sun, please hide for a little while so that the clouds may hang lower, and the rain may come down and wet the ground around me. Then the ground will give me a few drops of water, and my hard brown coat will grow softer and softer, until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves. Then I can begin to be a vine."

"I will," said the sun; and he was gone in a flash.

Then the clouds began to hang lower and lower. The rain began to fall faster and faster. The ground began to get wetter and wetter. And the seed-coat began to get softer and softer, until at last — open it burst! Out came two bright green seed-leaves, and the morning-glory seed began to be a vine.

MARGARET EYTINGE

THE DANDELION

Child: O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?

Dandelion: I just wait here in the long green grass
Till the children come to play.

Child: O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?

Dandelion: I wait and wait while the cool dew falls
And my hair grows long and white.

Child: And what do you do when your hair grows white
And the children come to play?

Dandelion: They take me up in their dimpled hands
And blow my hair away.

EMMA PAYNE ERSKINE

ONLY A PENNY

Tom and Jack were playing ball after school one day, when their Uncle Frank called them to him.

"Boys," he said, "my shop must be swept every day. Which of you would like to do it? I will give you a penny for each sweeping."

"Only a penny!" said Tom. "Who would work for a penny?"

"I would," said Jack. "I'd like to."

So Jack swept the shop early every morning before he went to school.

One Saturday morning Uncle Frank took the boys to town with him. They went to a store full of toys.

"What fine kites!" said Tom. "I wish I had one."

"They cost only fifteen cents," said the man.

"I haven't a penny," replied Tom.

"Did you say they were fifteen cents?" asked Jack, holding out a quarter. "I think I will buy one."

"How did you get a quarter?" asked Tom.

"By sweeping the shop," replied Jack. "I put the pennies into my bank. This morning I opened it and took them out."

Jack bought a top and a large kite. Tom kept still for a long time and then he said, "A penny is good for something, after all, isn't it?"

HOW HANS DID AS HE WAS TOLD

I

Hans was a little Dutch boy. Almost every day his mother let him go to play with a little girl named Gretel.

One day when Hans started for home, Gretel gave him a needle to carry to his mother. As he walked along, he saw a hay cart, so he stuck the needle in the hay.

When he reached home, he called out, "Good evening, Mother."

"Good evening, Hans," said his mother. "Where have you been to-day?"

"With Gretel," replied Hans. "She gave me a needle for you, Mother."

"Where is the needle, Hans?" asked his mother.

"I stuck it in a hay cart and lost it."

"Why, that's no way to carry a needle! You should have stuck it in your sleeve."

"I'm sorry, Mother," replied Hans. "I'll do better next time."

II

The next day Hans went to see Gretel again. She gave him a knife to take home, and he stuck it in his sleeve.

When he reached home, he said, "Gretel gave me a knife to-day, Mother."

"Where is the knife?" she asked.

"I stuck it in my sleeve, and it fell out," replied Hans.

"Why, that's no way to carry a knife, Hans! You should have put it into your bag," said his mother.

"Never mind," said he. "I'll do better next time, Mother."

III

On the third day Gretel gave Hans a little goat to take to his mother. He tied the goat's legs together and put it into his bag. But when he got home, the goat was dead.

"What did you bring to-day, Hans?" asked his mother.

"I brought you a goat," replied Hans.

"Where is it?"

"I put it into my bag, and now it is dead."

"Why, Hans! That is no way to carry a goat. You should have put a rope around the goat's neck. Then you could take the end of the rope in your hand and lead the goat home."

IV

On the fourth day Gretel gave Hans some meat for his mother. He remembered what his mother had told him the day before, so he tied the meat to a rope. As he walked home, dragging the meat behind him, a dog ran after him and ate it.

His mother saw him coming with the rope dragging behind him.

"Well, Hans," said she, "what did Gretel give you to-day?"

"She gave me some meat."

"Where is the meat, Hans?"

"I tied it to a rope, and a dog ate it."

"Why, that's no way to carry meat, Hans! You should have carried it on your head."

"All right, Mother," said he. "I'll do better next time."

V

On the fifth day Gretel gave Hans a little dog. And what do you suppose Hans did? He put the dog on his head, and of course the dog bit him!

"What happened to-day?" asked his mother, as he came into the house.

"Gretel gave me a dog, and I brought him home on my head, just as you told me to do. He bit me all the way home," replied Hans.

"Why, Hans! That is no way to carry a dog. You should have led him by a rope and put him in the barn."

VI

On the sixth day Hans started off again to see Gretel.

When evening came, Gretel said, "I have nothing to give you to-day, but I will go home with you."

So Hans tied a rope around Gretel and led her home!

When he reached the house, he called out, "Good evening, Mother."

"Good evening, Hans," said she. "Where have you been?"

"With Gretel. She gave me nothing today, but she came home with me."

"Where is she?" asked his mother.

"I led her by a rope and tied her in the barn," replied Hans.

And nobody knows what his mother said to Hans next!

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM

THE WOODMAN AND THE DEER

One day a deer was walking through the woods when he heard some men riding by. They were hunters, and the deer was just what they were looking for.

The deer ran and ran, but all the time he could hear the hunters behind him. When

he had run so far that he was very, very tired, he met a woodman.

"Where can I hide? Oh, where can I hide?" he called to the woodman.

"Run into my hut here," said the woodman. "I will not tell the hunters where you are."

The hunters came riding up and asked the man if he had seen a deer. The man did

not say anything, but he pointed to the place where the deer was hiding.

The deer was watching what the woodman did. He had just time to jump from a window before the men ran into the hut.

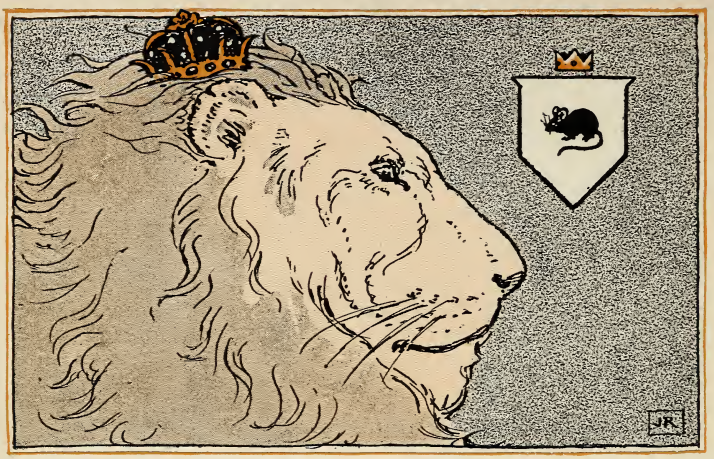
"Well, we'll let him go to-day," said the hunters. "We do not want that deer, after all."

A few days afterward the woodman met the deer and said to him, "Why did you run away without thanking me?"

"Because you did not tell the truth," said the deer.

"I did not tell the hunters where you were," said the man.

"Well," said the deer, "you did not say it with your tongue, but you said it with your hand, and that is just as bad."



THE LION AND THE MOUSE

LION MOUSE GOAT CAMEL MONKEY

In the woods.

I

The lion is asleep. A mouse wakes him up.

Lion: Who woke me from my sleep? A mouse? I will kill you with one blow of my paw.

Mouse: Oh, Mr. Lion, please do not kill me. Spare my life.

Lion: Why should I spare your life?

Mouse: Some day I may do you a good turn, Mr. Lion.

Lion: Ha, ha, ha! You do me a good turn! Who ever heard of such a thing! What can a little mouse ever do for a great big lion? But run along. I will spare your life this time.

Mouse: Thank you, Mr. Lion. Thank you very much.

The mouse runs away.

II

The lion is caught in a net. The goat, camel, and monkey walk by.

Lion: Here I am, caught in the net which the hunters set for me. I can't break it. If only I had a friend to help me!

Goat: Oh, there's the lion caught in the net! He'll never get away.

Camel: Well, well! Caught at last! He'll never get away.

Monkey: Ha, ha! The lion is caught! The lion is caught!

Lion: No one will help me. They all laugh at me.

Mouse: Do you need a friend now, Mr. Lion? My sharp teeth will help you.

The mouse cuts the rope with her teeth.

Lion: At last I am free again! Thank you, little friend.

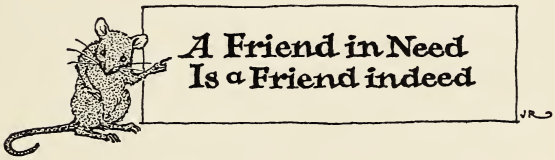
Mouse: You spared my life one day, and I am glad to help you now.

Lion: You have saved my life to-day.

Mouse: I am not too small to do you a good turn, after all. Even a little mouse may help a great lion.

Lion: That's right. I see that no friend is too small to be of use.

BASED ON ÆSOP'S FABLE



GRANDMOTHER'S SUNSHINE

Little Ben lived with his grandmother in the basement of an old house. The warm sunshine never came into their rooms, and Grandmother was too sick to go out of doors.

One day Bennie went to the store to get a pitcher of milk. When he came back, he sat by Grandmother's bed and told her how warm and bright the sunshine was. "I wish it would shine into our windows," he said.

HE TOLD HER HOW WARM THE SUNSHINE WAS

"Ah! it has been so long since I felt the sunshine," said Grandmother.

Bennie watched her until she fell asleep. Then he put on his cap, poured the milk into a bowl, and went out with the pitcher in his hand.

He had a plan for bringing sunshine to dear Grandmother. There was a field near by, where the sun was shining all day long. Surely some of the sunlight could be spared for Grandmother.

Little Ben ran all the way till he came to the field. Then he set the pitcher down on the grass, so that the sun could shine straight into it.

"I will wait till it is full," he said to himself.

While he waited, he picked the yellow buttercups that were growing there. He soon had a big bunch as bright as the sunshine.

"Grandma will be surprised when she wakes up," he said. "How glad she will be to have the sunshine!"

He started for home with his face bright

LITTLE BEN RAN ALL THE WAY

and smiling. He carried the buttercups in one hand and the pitcher in the other.

Grandmother was still asleep, so Bennie laid the buttercups on the bed. She would be sure to see them as soon as she opened her eyes.

Then he set the pitcher on the table and kept very still while he waited for her to wake up.

Soon Grandmother opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was the bunch of buttercups.

"Why, they are like sunshine!" she said.

"Yes, Grandmother," cried little Ben, "and just look in the pitcher! There is real sunshine in the pitcher. I brought it from the field for you."

Grandmother smiled as she took the pitcher. "Yes, Bennie," she said, "you have really brought sunshine to me."

A HUNGRY JACKAL AND A HUNGRY ALLIGATOR

One day a hungry jackal went down to the river to hunt for some crabs for his dinner.

A great big alligator lived in this river. He was very hungry, too.

He had seen the little jackal hunting for crabs before. So he said to himself, "If the jackal comes here to-day, I must catch him. What a good dinner that will be!"

The old alligator hid himself under the weeds that were growing in the water. Then he watched and waited.

Now the jackal was afraid to go near the river, for he knew the alligator lived there. He ran softly down to the bank and looked all around, but he could not see the old alligator.

"I must find out just where he is," said the jackal to himself.

Then he began talking right out loud. "Where have all the little crabs gone to-day?" he said. "There is not one here, and I am so hungry.

"Sometimes when the crabs are under the water, I can see them going bubble, bubble, bubble. And all the little bubbles go pop, pop, pop!"

When the old alligator heard this, he laughed. "Ho, ho!" said he to himself. "I will make him think I am a little crab."

He began to blow, "Puff, puff, puff! Bubble, bubble, bubble!" The bubbles were very, very big.

The little jackal laughed at that, for he knew who was making the big bubbles.

He ran away as fast as he could run, shouting, "Thank you, kind Mr. Alligator. Thank you, thank you. I'll find my dinner somewhere else to-day."

A Story from India

THAT'S HOW

Fred waked up one cold morning and found that it had been snowing hard all night. The snow lay deep over the garden and over all the paths around the house.

"What shall we do?" said his mother, as

she looked out of the window. "The hens must be fed and we have no one to dig a path to the barn."

"I can shovel the snow away," said Fred.

"You?" cried his mother. "No, no, Fred. You are only a little boy. It would be hard work for you."

"Let me try," begged Fred, and he ran to get his new shovel.

He was soon hard at work, digging away the snow.

A man who was passing by called out, "Boy, how can you hope to make a path through all that snow?"

As he tossed the snow from his little shovel, Fred replied, "By keeping at it. That's how."

THE SNOWFLAKES

Child: Little white feathers
filling the air,
Little white feathers,
how came ye there?

Snowflakes: We came from the cloud-birds
sailing so high;
They're shaking their white wings
up in the sky.

Child: Little white feathers,
how swift you go!

Little white feathers,
I love you so!

Snowflakes: We're swift because we have
work to do;
Now hold up your face,
and we'll kiss you true.

MARY MAPES DODGE

THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG

I

Once upon a time there was a hedgehog who lived near a fine turnip field. One morning when he was out looking at the turnips, he met Neighbor Hare.

Now Neighbor Hare was always ready to make trouble with his neighbors. He was very proud, too.

The hedgehog was a kind gentleman, so he said, "Good morning, Neighbor Hare."

Neighbor Hare had just found a worm on his best turnip and he was cross.

"Huh," he grumbled. "What are you doing out so early? I should think you could find a better use for your legs."

This hurt the hedgehog's feelings. He felt badly about his legs, which were short and ugly. But he did not want to have trouble with the hare, so he said, "They are good enough for me," and walked on.

"Ho, ho," laughed the hare loudly. "They are so very funny, you know."

The hedgehog turned around.

"Look here, Neighbor Hare," said he. "My legs may not be very fine, but my wits are every bit as good as yours."

"Ho, ho," laughed the hare again. "Ho, ho, your wits! Who ever heard of such a thing! What good would your wits do you in a race, I should like to know?"

"I would rather have my wits than your legs," said the hedgehog.

The hare laughed again very loudly.

"Well," he said, "Friend Hedgehog, I should like to race with your wits — for a big plum pudding." He knew Mrs. Hedgehog made very good plum puddings.

"Very well," said the hedgehog. "I will race with you. I will go home to breakfast now and come back in a little while."

II

When the hedgehog told his wife about the race, she scolded him.

"You will surely be beaten," she said, "and then I shall have to give the hare my best plum pudding."

"Wait," said the hedgehog. "You shall see. The hare needs a lesson. Come with me. I have a plan."

As soon as the hedgehog and his wife reached the field, he told her his plan. He made Mrs. Hedgehog lie down at one end of a long furrow in the field, and he went to the other end.

Soon the hare came, and the race began. The hedgehog ran along his furrow, and the hare ran along the next one, with a row of turnip plants between them.

The hare ran as fast as he could down the field. The hedgehog ran only a little way and then lay down in his furrow and waited.

Just as the hare came to the end of the field, up popped the hedgehog's wife.

"Here I am," she cried.

The hare was very much surprised. You know the hedgehog and his wife looked so

much alike that the hare could not tell them apart.

The hare said that they must race once more, and he ran back as fast as he could to the other end of the field.

Up popped the hedgehog and cried, "Here I am."

Then the hare was very angry. He said that they must race again.

He ran and ran till he was tired out. But the hedgehog was not tired, because he did not have to run. He and his wife just stayed where they were and cried, "Here I am."

At last the hare could not run any more, so he had to say that he was beaten.

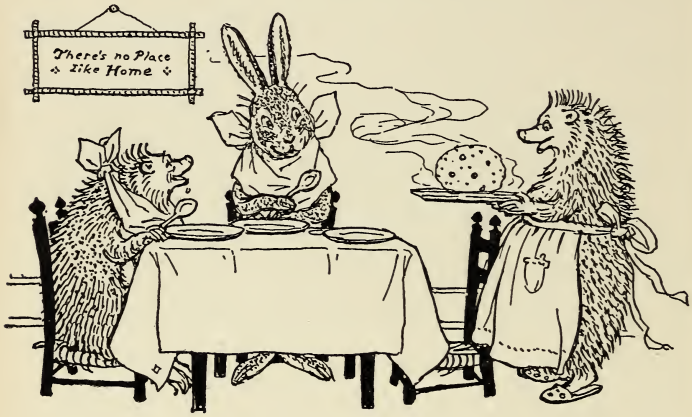
"Your legs are better than I thought," said he.

"And my wits are also better than you thought," said the hedgehog.

Then he called to Mrs. Hedgehog to come up from her end of the furrow, so that

Neighbor Hare could see how he had been beaten in the race.

The hare looked more surprised than ever. But after a while he said, "Well, well, Friend Hedgehog, you're a fine fellow."



"Thank you," said the hedgehog. "And now let's all go home and eat the plum pudding together."

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood,
To Grandfather's house we go;

The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play;
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

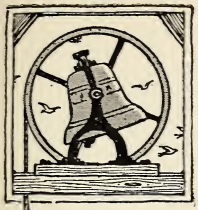
Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!

Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound,
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

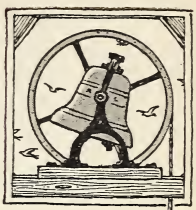
Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow —
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood —
Now Grandmother's cap I spy.
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD



WHAT The BELLS SAY



I

"Tinkle, tinkle, tang, tang! Tinkle, tinkle, tang," sings the school bell. It is in a great hurry to let the children hear it.

"Hurry — hurry — hurry," it cries. "Don't be late, don't be late. Tinkle, tinkle, tang!"

It is a small bell, but small things sometimes make a great deal of noise.

"Tang, tang, ting," sings the bell and then it stops. It is time for school to begin.

II

"Clang, clang, clang," rings another bell. It is the bell on the street car, and it rings

so loud that it makes you jump. It rings all day long and never has any time to rest.

"Clang, clang. Get out of my way!" it cries, as the car comes down the street.

III

"Tong, tong," sings the dinner bell. "Don't be long. Listen, listen to my song.

"Tong, tong! Potatoes and pudding, pudding, potatoes, potatoes, potatoes.

"Tong, tong! Dinner is ready and you are not there!"

There's nothing like the dinner bell to make you hurry.

IV

"Tink, tink, tink." What a tiny bell! It hangs over the door of a little shop where you buy candy — such nice sticky candy!

"Tink, tink, tink. Four a penny, four a penny. Come and buy, come and buy! Tink, tink, tink."

It is hard to get past that little shop, unless you run very fast.

V

"Boom, boom!" cries the bell in the high tower. "Boom, bim, bim, boom! What a fine bell I am! I always ring on the Fourth of July. Boom, boom!"

Oh, what a fine big bell it is! It has a tongue as long as your arm. When it rings, you cannot hear yourself speak. It is always so proud and happy that it makes you glad to hear it.

VI

"Ring-ding-a-ring. Hear how we ring." These are the sweetest bells of all. They live in the high church tower.

"Ring-ding-a-ring," they sing each Sunday morning. "Come in, little girl. Come in, little boy. Come away from your books. Come away from your play.

"Come hear us sing. Ring-ding-a-ring."

DRAKESTAIL

I

Drakestail was very small, but he was a wise little chap. He took good care of his money until by and by he had saved a hundred dollars.

Now the king of that country never saved any money. One day he heard that Drakestail had a full money box, so he went to see him.

"I should like to borrow some money," said the king.

Drakestail at once gave the king all the money he had saved. He was very proud to lend money to the king.

A whole year went by and then another year. Drakestail never heard a word about the money which the king had borrowed from him.

He thought it over day after day, and then one morning he started off to see the king. As he walked along the road, he sang,

"Quack, quack, quack,
When shall I get my money back?"

He had not gone far when he met Friend Fox.

"Good morning, neighbor," said the fox. "Where are you going so early in the day?"

"I am going to the king to get the money he owes me," Drakestail replied proudly.

"Oh, do take me with you," cried the fox.

Drakestail said to himself, "One can't have too many friends."

Then he called to the fox, "All right, you may come. But your four legs would soon get tired. Make yourself very small and jump into my throat. I will carry you."

Hop! and Friend Fox went down Drakestail's throat, like a letter into a mail box.

II

On went Drakestail, singing,

"Quack, quack, quack,
When shall I get my money back?"

He had not gone far when he met Friend Ladder, leaning against a wall.

"Good morning, Drakestail," cried the ladder. "Where are you going so early?"

"I am going to the king to get the money he owes me," replied Drakestail, with his head high in the air.

"Oh, take me with you," cried the ladder.

Drakestail said to himself, "One can't have too many friends."

Then he called to the ladder, "All right. But your wooden legs would soon get tired. Make yourself very small and get into my throat."

Hop! and Friend Ladder went down to keep the fox company.

"Quack, quack, quack." On marched Drakestail, singing as happily as could be.

Soon he met Friend River, flowing along by the roadside.

"Where are you going, all by yourself?" asked the river.

"I am going to the king to get the money he owes me," replied Drakestail.

"Oh, take me with you," begged the river.

So in went the river with a splash and found a place between the fox and the ladder.

III

"Quack, quack, quack." On marched Drakestail till he met Friend Wasp's-nest with his company of wasps.

There was just a little room left, so Drakestail took Wasp's-nest too, and on he marched to the king's house.

"Toc-toc-toc," he knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the porter.

"I — Drakestail. I wish to speak to the king."

"Ho, ho," laughed the porter slyly. "This way — this way."

The door opened and closed. Drakestail found himself — in the hen-yard.

The king's hens were very cross. They all flew at poor Drakestail and began to peck him.

"They will kill me," cried Drakestail. Then he remembered the fox and called,

> "Oh, fox, dear fox, come help your friend,
> Or Drakestail's life will surely end."

Pop! out came Friend Fox and soon put an end to the hens.

IV

Now when the king heard this news, he was very angry.

"Throw this tail of a drake into the well," he roared.

Down fell poor Drakestail into the well. "I can never get out of this hole," he cried. Then he remembered Friend Ladder and called,

"Ladder, ladder, come lend your back,
Or Drakestail never more will quack."

Friend Ladder, who had just been waiting for this, hurried out and leaned against the side of the well. Hop! Drakestail was in the yard.

When the king heard this, he got very red in the face.

"Throw this quack into the fire," he roared.

Drakestail, who was now quite bold, called out,

"River, river, outward flow,
Or unto death Drakestail must go."

Slip, slide, out came the river, and out went the fire.

V

Now when the king felt the river around his feet, he jumped up in a rage.

"Bring the fellow here," he roared, "and I'll cut his throat."

Two men ran out and called Drakestail to come before the king.

"At last," said Drakestail, "I am to see the king himself. Surely he will give me back my money."

How frightened he was when he saw the king with a sword, ready to cut off his head! Then he thought of his last friend, and cried,

"Oh, Wasp's-nest, come with your wasps and sting,
Or Drakestail dies by the sword of the king."

Out came Wasp's-nest and all his wasps. Out went the frightened king and all his men. They jumped out of the windows and

fell down to the ground. There they lay with their necks broken.

Drakestail was now alone, so he looked around for his money. He could not find any, for it had all been spent.

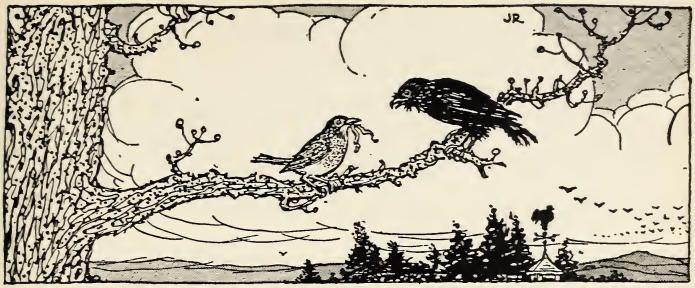
At last he became so tired that he sat down on the throne to rest, and there the people found him.

They all cried out together, "The king is dead, long live the king."

Then they put the crown on Drakestail's head and he became king.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "let's go to supper. I am very hungry."

A French Fairy Tale



THE ROBIN AND THE RAVEN

One morning in early spring a raven sat on a branch of an old oak tree. He felt sulky and cross. The only thing he had said all that morning was, "Croak, croak, croak."

Along came a merry little robin, looking for a place to build her nest. "Good morning to you," she called merrily to the raven.

The raven never answered her. He just looked at the clouds and croaked.

"I wished you good morning," said the robin in a louder voice, as she hopped from branch to branch.

"You seem very happy about nothing this morning," croaked the raven crossly.

"Why, I am happy," said the robin, stopping to look at him in surprise. "Why shouldn't I be happy? Isn't it spring?"

"Happy!" said the raven. "Well, I'm not happy. Spring, indeed! Don't you see those black clouds? It is going to snow."

"Oh, very well," said the robin, hopping along. "But I might as well sing till it does snow. My song will not make it any colder."

The little robin flew off, singing happily, but the raven still sat on the branch of the tree and croaked.

"Oh, the wind is so cold," he grumbled. "It always blows the wrong way."

After a little while the sun came out warm and bright. The grass began to spring up in the meadows, and the birds and bees flew about in the sunshine. Still the raven sat on the branch of the tree and croaked.

"Oh, to be sure, it is pleasant now," he grumbled. "But the sun will soon be hot enough to burn us up. Then to-morrow it will be colder than ever. I never saw such weather."

Just then the robin came flying back with a straw in her bill.

"Well, it didn't snow, after all, did it?" she called merrily.

"Don't say anything," croaked the raven in a cross voice. "It will snow all the harder for this bit of sunshine."

"Oh, dear me," chirped the robin, as she hopped here and there. "Oh, dear me, Mr. Raven. How stupid it must be to croak all the time! Don't you know how much more fun it is to sing?

THE ROBINS SING IN THE RAIN

The clouds had been heavy and dark all day,
I had looked for the sun in vain;
But sweet and clear, in the maple near,
The robins sang in the rain.

Ah, boys and girls who sit and sigh,
And of dreary days complain!
In cloud and sun work bravely on, —
The robins sing in the rain.

SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD

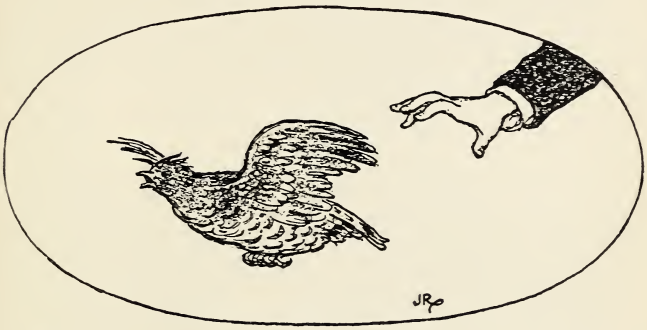
THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY

One day Tom was walking in the woods with his father. Suddenly a bird flew up from the ground and then came down again in front of them.

"There's a partridge, Tom," said his father.

The bird did not try to get out of their way. First she ran toward them and then away from them.

When Tom walked, the partridge went slowly. When he ran, she hopped along so that he could not catch her. After a while she flew up in the air.



"What made the bird act that way?" asked Tom. "I thought she must be hurt so that she could not fly. But she flew away fast enough at last."

"See what I have in my hand," said his father. "This will show you what the mother bird was trying to do."

Tom saw a tiny partridge in his father's hand. "Where did you find it?" he asked.

"I picked it up just as you started to

follow the mother bird. I think there were about ten little birds. They hid so quickly that I caught only this one."

"I did not see any of them!" cried Tom.

"No," said his father. "The mother bird made you watch her. That was what she wanted to do.

"When she had led you away from the little birds and had given them time to hide, she was ready to fly off."

"May I carry it home and put it in a cage?" asked Tom, as he took the little bird in his hand.

"You could not tame it, Tom, and it would soon die. I think we had better let it go back to its mother," replied his father.

"Poor little thing! Run back to your mother, who takes such good care of you," said Tom. He placed the bird on the ground, and in a moment it was out of sight.

ONLY ONE MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the silent sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather;
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn —
But only one mother the wide world over.

George Cooper

The BEE'S STORY

I

Life in the Hive

Buzz, buzz, buzz! I am a bee. Shall I tell you my story?

When I came out of my egg, I was a little white grub. My home was a tiny cell in a beehive.

The bees fed me for five or six days. Then they shut me into my cell, and I fell asleep.

When I woke up, I did not know who I was. I had gone to sleep a fine fat grub. I woke up — a bee!

I set to work and made a hole in the top of my cell, and then crept out. Oh dear! What a noise there was in the hive!

"Set to work. Set to work," cried the bees, as they ran by me.

"My legs are stiff," I said.

"Run, then," replied the bee next to me. "Feed some grubs. Here is some honey. Off with you! Don't stand there lifting first one leg and then the next."

I set to work and soon ran as fast as the best of them. We were all very busy feeding the little grubs in the cells.

II

My First Flight

Soon I thought I had been a nurse long enough. I was ready to see the world.

I had learned all I could in the hive. I knew that we had a queen, who laid all the eggs. I knew that some bees are drones, and others are workers. Hum and Longwings and I are workers.

One day I saw Longwings go to the door. Out she went; and out I went, too.

You cannot think how strange it was! The hive is all dark, you know, and I had

come out into the bright light. I ran up and down on the shelf by the door and sang, "Buzz, buzz, buzz!"

The bee who stood at the door called to me, "Now, if you please, go in — or out. Oh, I see, you are a little bee making your first flight. Open your wings and fly off."

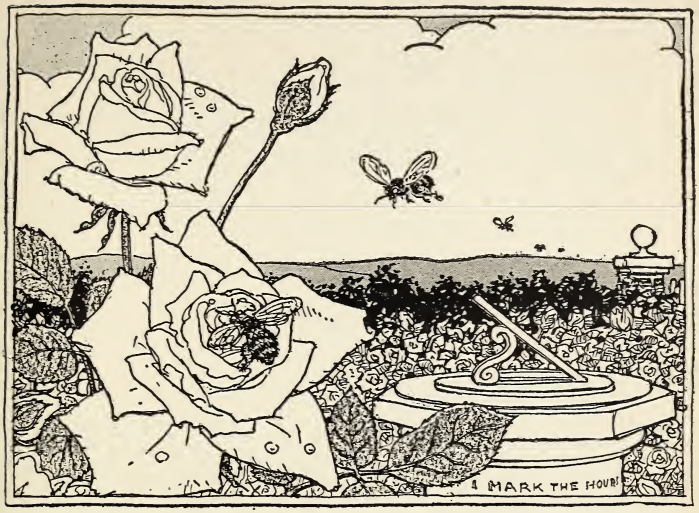
I flew a little way and then stopped to rest on a flower. My wings were tired and my eyes hurt. But soon I felt better and could see my friends flying past me.

"Where are you going, Longwings?" I called.

"To get some honey," said she.

I wanted some honey too, so I flew after Longwings as fast as I could.

I soon found out how to suck the honey. I learned to brush up the dust out of the flowers and put it into the bags on my legs.



III

The Swarm

Each sunny day I flew away to find honey. I brought it back to the hive and then went off for more.

"Work hard. Waste no time." That is what we say in the beehive.

One day when it was as hot as hot could be, we did not work, but hung around the door.

"Go to work," said the bee at the door.

"Not to-day," replied Hum. "I shall not leave the hive, for the queen is going to lead a swarm."

We did not work that day, but we ate a great deal of honey. Then we came out of doors, queen and all, and flew up in the air with a glad hum.

Up, up in the air, round and round. Oh, what a flight we had!

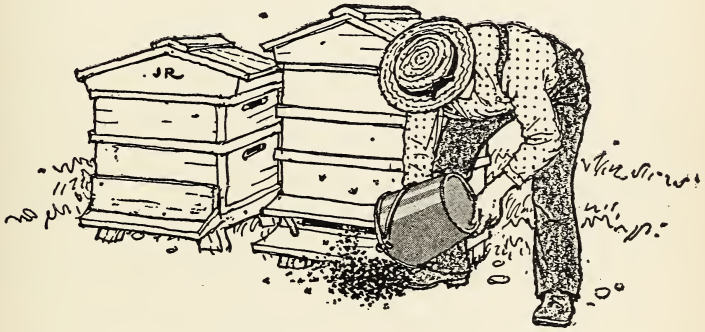
Then we all came down and hung in a bunch on a tree.

Soon a man came by with a pail in his hand. He gave the tree a hard blow, and we all fell down into his pail. We had eaten so much honey that we did not feel cross and did not sting him.

He took us away and threw us down near a wooden hive. We ran as fast as we could into the hive. We all went in and hung in a bunch once more.

Do you know how bees hang? They have hooks on their feet, and they hook on to each other and make a net.

Well, we hung for a time in our new hive; then we made wax. This, you know, comes in wee bits on our skin. We pick it off and make it up into comb.



We have to eat a great deal of honey when we wish to make wax. It takes us a long time to build the comb.

How should you like to be set to work to make a bit of honeycomb? I do not think you would get on very fast, if you are not a bee.

THE SONG OF THE BEE

Buzz! buzz! buzz!
This is the song of the bee;
His legs are of yellow,
A jolly good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax.

Buzz! buzz! buzz!
From morning's first light
Till the coming of night,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.

Oh, we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do.

MARIAN DOUGLAS

THE UGLY DUCKLING

I

It was summer and all the country looked its prettiest. Down near the river a duck had made her nest. Day after day she sat on her eggs.

Then at last one fine day the eggs began to crack, and out came the little ducks. It was the finest family of little ducks you ever saw.

All of them were beautiful except the last one, and he was very ugly.

"Now what do you suppose is the matter with him?" said his mother. "Not one of the others looks like that.

"Do you suppose he can be a little turkey? If I have been cheated again, I shall be cross. I had such a hard time with the last one I brought up. He was even afraid of the water."

The next day the mother duck took her children down to the pond for a swimming lesson.

"Now we shall see if this last duckling is my own," said she.

"Quack, quack, come in, my dears," she

called as she sprang into the water. All the little ducks sprang after her and swam off as if they had been swimming for years. The ugly duckling swam as well as the rest.

"No," said his mother. "He is no turkey. He is my own duckling, after all. And he is not so bad-looking when you look at him the right way."

The next thing to be done was to take the family down to the duck-yard. As they all marched into the yard, the mother duck

said, "Bend your necks to the old duck and quack loudly."

All the little ducks bent their necks and quacked.

"A very fine family," said the old duck kindly, "except that big one. I wish he could be made over. He is so very ugly."

"But he is very good," said his mother, patting his feathers. "He can swim very well, too."

The little ducks were soon walking up and down in the duck-yard and quacking happily.

But the poor little ugly duckling had a hard time of it. All the ducks snapped at him and pushed him about and made fun of him. His brothers and sisters were cross to him, and even his mother said, "I wish you were miles away."

At last he could stand it no longer and he made up his mind to run away.

II

The next time the girl came to feed the ducks, the poor duckling flew out of the yard. He ran as fast as he could till he came to a marsh where some wild ducks lived.

"What kind of thing are you?" they asked. "You are very ugly."

They let him stay with them, but after a few days some hunters came to the marsh. Bang! bang! went their guns, and many of the wild ducks were killed.

The poor ugly duckling was very much frightened. He lay down in the grass and tried to hide. A big dog came close to him, but ran off without hurting the poor thing.

"I am so ugly that even the dogs won't bite me," said the duckling.

That night, when all was still, he ran away from the marsh as fast as he could go.

He ran on till he came to a little tumble-down hut. There he crept in through a crack in the door and sat down by the fire.

III

In this little tumble-down hut lived an old woman with her cat and her hen. In the morning they found the strange duckling sitting by the fire. The cat began to purr and the hen began to cluck.

"What on earth is that?" asked the old woman. She could not see very well and she thought it was a fat duck.

"This is a find!" said she. "Now we shall have some duck's eggs."

She was willing the duckling should live with them, but the cat and the hen did not like this very well.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked the hen.

"No," said the duck.

"Can you arch your back and purr?" asked the cat.

"No," said the duck.

"Then you had better keep out of our way," said they.

The duckling soon began to think how fine it would be to float on the water. He could not help telling the hen about it.

"What is the matter with you?" she cried. "If you could only purr or lay eggs, you would be of some use. Why should any one wish to float on the water?"

"You do not understand me," — that was all the duckling could say.

Every day he kept wishing for the water and at last he went away. He flew along until he found a pond where he could float as much as he liked. But even here all the birds flew away from him because he was so ugly.

IV

When winter came on, the poor duckling was very cold. He had to swim around in the pond to keep the water from freezing.

But every day the water froze more and more, and the place in which he could swim grew smaller and smaller. At last one night he was too tired to swim and he froze fast in the ice.

Early in the morning a man came walking along by the pond. He broke the ice and pulled the duckling out. Then he took the poor little thing home with him.

The children wanted to play with the duckling, but he was afraid of them. He was so frightened that he flew out of the man's hands. He flew around the room until he fell into the milk pan.

The cook screamed at him, and then the poor thing flew into the butter churn. After that, he fell into the meal pan.

Everybody ran after the duckling till he flew out of the door, nearly dead.

It would make you too sad if I should tell you what a hard time the ugly duckling had that winter. But at last spring came again, and he was very glad to feel the warm sunshine.

V

The ugly duckling now felt much better, and he found that his wings were stronger than ever before. He flew here and there until he came to a large garden.

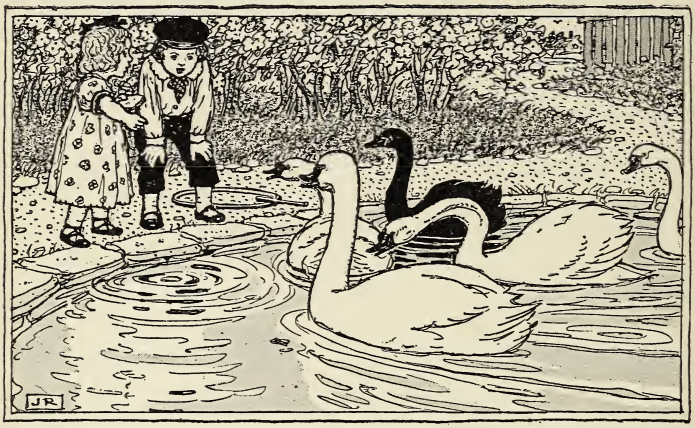
Suddenly he saw three beautiful white birds. They had long arched necks and wonderful wings.

"I will fly to those beautiful birds," he said. "I am so ugly that they will surely kill me for coming near them, but what do I care? It is better to be killed by them than to be pecked at by hens and ducks or to be frozen in the ice."

So he flew into the water and swam toward the beautiful birds.

But what do you suppose he saw as he bent his head toward the water? Not an ugly gray duckling, but a beautiful white swan! He had grown to be a beautiful swan.

You see it doesn't matter if you are born in a duck-yard, if only you come out of a swan's egg.



Some little children came to the shore of the pond and threw bits of bread into the water.

"Oh, there is a new swan," they cried, clapping their hands. "He is the prettiest of all!"

The old swans bowed their heads before him. This made him feel shy and he hid his head under his wing. He was very

happy, but not at all proud; a good heart never becomes proud.

He thought of how he had been treated all his life. And now he heard them say that he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. Lifting his long white neck, he said, "I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling."

HANS ANDERSEN

IF YOU'VE TRIED

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds in flying, fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

PHŒBE CARY

A PLUMP LITTLE GIRL AND A THIN LITTLE BIRD

A plump little girl and a thin little bird
Were out in the meadow together.
"How cold that poor little bird must be
Without any clothes like mine," said she,
"Although it is sunshiny weather!"

"A nice little girl is that," piped he,
"But oh, how cold she must be! For, see,
She hasn't a single feather!"
So each shivered to think of the other poor thing,
Although it was sunshiny weather.

MARY MAPES DODGE

A STORY OF LONG AGO

A long time ago people thought that there were a great many gods. When they looked at the beautiful trees and brooks and flowers, they said, "These are all so wonderful. Surely some great and wonderful beings must live in them. Perhaps our gods live in these beautiful things."

They thought that the greatest gods lived on the top of a high mountain. These were the gods who ruled over all the earth and the sky.

Jupiter was the king of them all. He sat on a high throne and made the thunder roar when he was angry.

Then there was the great god of the sea. When he was kind, the ships sailed merrily along. But sometimes he was cross. Then he stirred up such great waves that every one was afraid to set sail from the land.

HE · STIRRED · UP · SUCH · GREAT · WAVES

If there was a storm at sea, men said, "We have made the god of the sea angry. We must do something to show him that we are sorry."

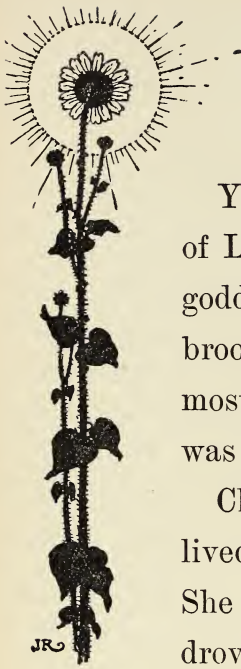
The god of the sun was the one whom men loved best. His name was Apollo. He

was the only one who could drive the horses of the sun.

In those days people thought that the sun was a shining chariot drawn by two wild horses. When they saw the sun come up in the east and go down in the west, they said that Apollo had driven the chariot across the sky.

Apollo had a lovely sister who was the goddess of the moon. There were a great many other goddesses too, and the greatest of them was the queen Juno.

The people of Long Ago told many stories about their gods and goddesses. These stories were so wonderful that men have never forgotten them. They have told them to their children and grandchildren until at last the stories have come down to you and me.



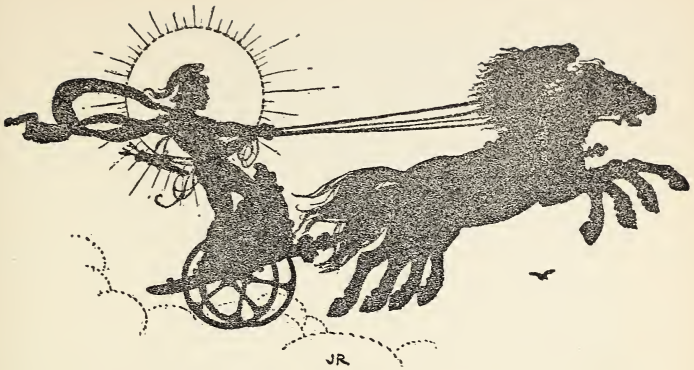
CLYTIE

You remember that the people of Long Ago thought that gods and goddesses lived in the trees and brooks and flowers. One of the most beautiful of these goddesses was golden-haired Clytie.

Clytie was a water goddess that lived in a river near the great sea. She loved the sun god Apollo who drove the chariot of the sun.

Day after day Clytie stood on the bank of her river home and watched for Apollo's chariot to come up in the east. All day she stood and watched him driving across the sky. In the evening when the sun went down, she stood looking after him.

For nine long days she stood there. All that



time she ate nothing but dewdrops, and every day she grew more pale and thin.

At last the gods took pity on her. They changed her into a beautiful flower.

Her feet became roots in the ground. Her body changed to a green stem, and her golden hair turned into yellow petals.

But Clytie still kept her face turned toward Apollo as he crossed the sky. So it came to pass that people named her Sun Flower.

That was a long time ago, but I know that sunflowers still turn their faces to the sun, for I have seen them.

A Greek Myth

THE GREAT BEAR AND THE LITTLE BEAR

There was once a beautiful woman named Callisto. One day she made Juno very angry.

Proud Juno was queen of the gods and had great power. I am sorry to say she was often unkind.

Now Callisto made Juno so angry that she cried, "I will punish her. I will take away her beauty." And then she changed Callisto into a bear!

Poor Callisto! No one knew her in her great rough coat. She could not speak to tell men that she was not really a bear. She was driven out of the town to seek food and shelter in the woods.

One day her son came into the woods to hunt. Callisto saw him. In her great joy, she forgot that he could not know her, and she ran towards him. The boy lifted his bow to shoot her.

Just at that moment great Jupiter looked down from his throne. His heart was filled with pity for Callisto and her son. He caught them up into the sky and changed them into stars.

When Juno saw that Jupiter had taken pity on Callisto, she was more angry than ever.

She could not change what Jupiter had done. But she cried out to Callisto, "You shall stay in the sky forever. You shall never sink to rest below the waters."

So Callisto and her son are shining in the northern sky to this day. They move round and round and never sink out of sight.

Men call them the Great Bear and the Little Bear. If you look for them on any clear night, you may see them shining in the sky.

Perhaps you know them by other names. The brightest stars of the Great Bear are called the Big Dipper, and some of the stars of the Little Bear are called the Little Dipper.

A Greek Myth

PANDORA'S BOX

A long time ago there lived a maiden named Pandora. In those days every one was happy, for trouble and pain were not known.

Pandora should have been the happiest of all, for when she was born, the gods gave her all their gifts. She had health and good temper, and wit and beauty, and everything else that a maiden could wish.

But Pandora had one thing which did not make her happy. It was a beautiful wooden box tied with a golden cord. The king of the gods himself had given it to her.

"What good does it do me?" Pandora said to herself. "What good is a box tied up with a golden cord if you have been told never, never to open it?"

Now Pandora wished and wished and wished that she could know what was in the

box. Every day she sat looking at it and wondering what could be inside it.

"What harm could it do?" she said to herself. "I would only peep in and close the lid quickly."

Once she thought she heard soft noises inside. That time she had her fingers on the cord. Then she suddenly remembered and stopped.

At last Pandora could stand it no longer and she opened the box. She thought she would just lift the lid and close it again quickly. But before she knew it, a swarm of tiny dark creatures flew out.

Then Pandora felt pain and sorrow for the first time in her life. With a cry, she dropped the lid of the box. It was too late.

She had let loose the troubles of the world. They flew out through the window, carrying sorrow and pain everywhere.

Pandora was very much frightened. As she sat there wondering what she should do, she heard a sweet voice inside the box.

"Pandora," it called. "Pandora, let me out. I am Hope, and I will help you."

Now Pandora did not know who Hope was, but the voice sounded so kind that she lifted the lid.

The little creature that came out this time was not a bit like the others. Her wings were like sunshine. It made Pandora feel better just to see her.

Of course Hope could not bring the ugly creatures back into Pandora's box. They flew through the world, carrying pain and sorrow

where such things had never before been known.

But where they went, Hope went too, bringing comfort to all who were sick and sad. Men say that she is still in the world. The happy people to-day must be the ones who have seen her wings.

A Greek Myth

THE STARS AND THE DAISIES

The stars are tiny daisies high,
Opening and shutting in the sky;
While daisies are the stars below,
Twinkling and sparkling as they grow.

The star buds blossom in the night,
And love the moon's calm, tender light;
But daisies bloom out in the day,
And watch the strong sun on his way.

THE SANDPIPER AND THE SEA

I

On the sandy shore by the sea lived a sandpiper and his wife.

"Husband," said Mrs. Sandpiper one spring day, "the time has come to build our nest. Let us seek a good place for it."

"Why should we look farther, my dear?" asked Mr. Sandpiper. "Is not this very spot a good one?"

"No, husband," replied Mrs. Sandpiper. "No, it is not a good place. At the time of the full moon, as you well know, the water covers it."

"My dear," replied her husband, "why should I fear the sea? Do you think that the sea can get the better of me in my own house?"

"Very well, husband," said Mrs. Sandpiper. "But you must remember that you are not so

strong as the sea. Still, of course, we never know what we can do till we try."

Then she went to work and made her nest upon that spot.

The great sea laughed at the sandpiper's words. "Ha, ha," he said. "Here's a brave fellow. I must see what he can do."

II

One morning when the sandpipers were out seeking food, the sea came up and carried off their eggs.

When they came back, they found the nest empty. Mrs. Sandpiper burst into tears.

"I knew it was not safe," she cried. "Now see what has happened."

"My dear," said Mr. Sandpiper, "speak not so. I have not yet shown what I can do. With my bill I will take away all this water."

"Ah, my husband," replied his wife, "your bill holds only a single drop of water, and

fifteen hundred rivers flow into this sea. If you must try it, I beg you to call all the birds to your help."

"I will do as you say," said Mr. Sandpiper, after a little thought. "You are a wise woman."

He at once called the cranes and the storks and the geese and all the other birds together on the shore of the sea.

Mr. Sandpiper said to them, "Hear my sad words. The sea has stolen all my eggs. Let us find a way to empty the sea."

But the others said, "Oh, Sandpiper, we cannot empty the sea."

"Well," said the sandpiper, "let us punish it."

"Good," said all the birds, and they beat the sea with their wings. But the sea only laughed at them and sent its waves a little farther up the shore.

Then all the birds said, "Oh, Sandpiper, the sea will not be punished."

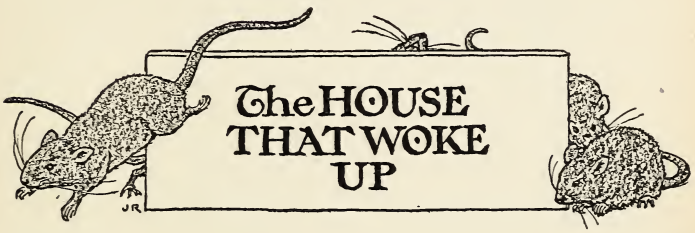
"Well," said the sandpiper, "let us fill it with stones and mud."

"Good," said all the birds, and they brought stones and mud in their beaks, and threw them into the sea. But the sea just laughed and tossed its waves still higher.

Then all the birds said, "Oh, Sandpiper, we cannot fill up the great sea. We have done all we can and we are going home." So they went away and left Mr. and Mrs. Sandpiper alone by the shore of the great sea.

"My dear," said the sandpiper to his wife, "I really think that I have done everything to the sea that I can. Perhaps we had better move the nest."

A Story from India



I

There was once a big empty house. On its door was a sign which said To Let in large white letters.

Its windows were black with dirt. The house had not been painted for a long, long time. It looked as you do when you have forgotten to wash your face. The little mice played in the empty rooms. It seemed as if the house must be dead or else fast asleep.

At night the other houses on the street

looked bright and cheerful, but this house looked sadder than ever. You could almost hear it crying, "Please come and live in me. Won't somebody please come?"

At last one day something happened! The sign which said To Let was taken down.

Then six men came down the street and went into the house that had been asleep. Day after day they worked there till the house was the cleanest and prettiest on the whole street.

Then came one, two, three big vans. They were full of chairs and tables and beds and everything else you would like to have in your house.

Last of all came Father and Mother and Alice and John and Bobby and Towser. Towser was a little black dog and he was so happy that his tail went thump, thump all the time.

Upstairs and downstairs you could hear the sound of feet.

"Pit, pat, pitter, patter," — that was the children.

"Trip, trip, trip," — that was Mother.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp," — that was Father.

Such a fire in the kitchen! It roared up the chimney. The cook was cooking away for

dear life. Towser sniffed and sniffed and at last sat up and begged for his supper.

The children were hungry, too. When the cook called, "Supper is ready," they all ran to the big table in the dining room.

The bright lights were shining through the windows, and people in the street said, "What a happy house that is!"

After supper the lights soon went out, and all the family went to sleep. Then the little mice ran up and down the halls again. They told their friends that they had found the best cheese in the world and were going to have a party.

The house stirred softly in its sleep. If you have ever been awake at night, you will know what I mean. I think that houses go to sleep at night just as we do.

If you suddenly hear a noise, don't be afraid. It may be that the house is dreaming.

II

The children woke up very early the next morning. "We are in the new house! We are in the new house!" they shouted.

"I'll be the first one dressed," cried Bobby.

Then what a race they had to see who would be dressed and downstairs first! They were in such a hurry to go over the whole house and see all the big rooms!

At breakfast Mother said, "You must all sit still until Father is ready, and then you can look over the house with him."

"Oh, Father, do be quick!" they all cried together.

"Well," said Father, "I'm as hungry as forty hunters. But I suppose I must starve to death, because you won't let me have my breakfast."

Of course this was only his fun. He had already eaten two eggs and ever so many other things.

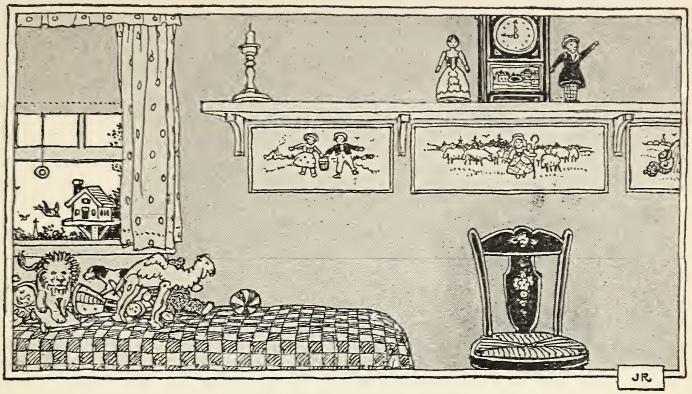
"Now we are ready," said Father. "We'll go upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber."

When they had all gone down cellar, Father said, "Dear me! I must have lost my way."

It was very dark, and the children didn't like it very well. They were not quite sure that this was some more of Father's fun.

"Do you think Mother will send some one to look for us?" asked Father. "Well, never mind. Towser will find us after a day or two."

Alice looked as if she was ready to cry, and then Father suddenly remembered where the door was. "We aren't lost, after all," he said.



III

Father led the children through one room after another. At last they came way up to the top of the house.

"Maybe there's a magic cave up here," said Father.

"Why, Father, there can't be a magic cave here," cried Bobby.

"Well, if you don't think it is a magic cave, you can't come in," replied Father.

Then he knocked three times on a door and said, "Open, magic cave."

The door opened as if by magic (but maybe that was because Mother was inside).

It was the most wonderful room! All around the walls were pictures of Boy Blue, Little Bo-peep, Jack and Jill, and all the children in your story books.

There were toy camels and lions and all the things you need to make a big circus. It was a wonderful playroom.

The children all jumped up and down, first on one foot and then on the other.

"This is as good as any magic cave," cried Bobby.

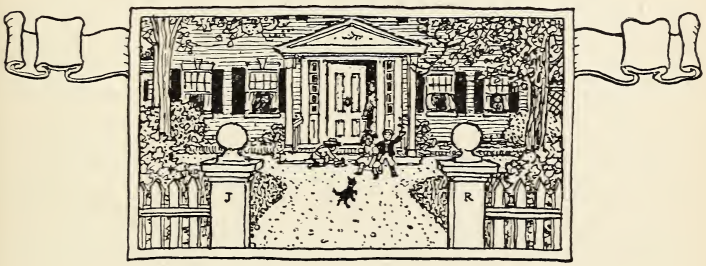
"I wish this dream could go on forever," said the house to itself.

It had been asleep so long that it thought the children were only a part of a pretty dream. But as soon as they began to play circus, it became wide awake.

"Dear me!" said the house. "I feel as

if I had been washed and painted all over. There's the postman knocking at my door. And the butcher's boy is coming here, too."

Then the house smiled out of every window and sang, "How glad I am! How glad I am!"



THE SWALLOW

Fly away, fly away over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

When you come hurrying home o'er the sea,
Then we are certain that winter is past;
Cloudy and cold though your pathway may be,
Summer and sunshine will follow you fast.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

THE STORY OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

I

Once upon a time there was a king who had only one child. She was a dear little baby girl. Her father loved her so much that he wanted to give her the finest birthday party in the world.

He invited all the fairies he could find. There were gold dishes to eat from, and everything to eat that you ever heard about.

Of course all the fairies brought gifts for the little princess Dormilee. One brought beauty and another brought wit. There was happiness, too, and good temper, and nobody knows what else.

When the party was half over, something happened! In came a fairy who was so old that every one had supposed she was dead long ago. She looked very cross.

"When the child is fifteen, she shall have

my gift," she said. "It shall be a spindle. She shall prick her finger with it and die."

All the fairies cried out, and the king and queen looked very, very sad.

Just then the very littlest fairy in the world came into the room. She was the only fairy who had not given something to the little princess Dormilee.

"I am late," she said, "but I will do what I can. Dormilee shall not die when she pricks her finger. She shall fall asleep, and she must sleep for a hundred years. Then a prince shall bring her my gift."

The king thanked her and said he was sure this was the best thing that could be done. Then he told his men to break every spindle in the land. "If any woman ever uses a spindle again," said the king, "she shall lose her head."

II

Dormilee grew up to be the sweetest little princess you ever knew. No wonder, when she had all the fairy gifts in the world.

Until she was fifteen, she never saw a spindle.

Then one day she wandered up into a little room in the tower of the castle. There sat an old dame spinning. I suppose she had never heard that every one else had

stopped spinning. Maybe she was the cross old fairy herself. Who knows?

"What are you doing, dame?" asked Dormilee.

"Spinning, my child," said the old woman. "Have you never learned to spin?"

"What is *spinning?*" asked Dormilee. "Let me try."

Then the very thing happened which the cross old fairy had said would happen.

Dormilee picked up the spindle. And because she had never seen a spindle before, she picked it up the wrong way and it pricked her finger. At once she fell down and lay as if she were in a deep sleep.

The old woman called out for help. All the people of the castle came running to see what had happened, but nobody could wake the princess.

When they told the king, he acted as if he knew all about it.

"What color is her gown?" he asked.

"Rose color," said the maid, weeping.

"Well, put her on her rose satin bed," he said, "and send for the very littlest fairy in the world."

The fairy came faster than she had ever gone anywhere before.

"Now there is only one thing to be done," she said. "Dormilee must not stay here alone for a hundred years. I must put the whole castle to sleep."

"That is just what I should wish," said the king. "My dear queen, get up on your throne. We may as well be comfortable."

So the very littlest fairy put the whole castle to sleep.

The prime minister went to sleep writing his name, and the kitchen maid went to sleep with her hand in the cooky jar. And I am sorry to say that Mopsey, the princess's pet dog, went to sleep on the foot of

the rose-colored bed, where she was never, never allowed.

As soon as the fairy rode away, a great

forest grew up and shut off the castle from all the world. So the castle slept for a hundred years, and no one entered it.

III

On the first day of the hundred and first year, a prince came riding by.

"What are those castle towers in the woods?" he asked.

No one could tell him, so he rode into the woods to find out. As he rode along, all the great trees and bushes opened to let him pass.

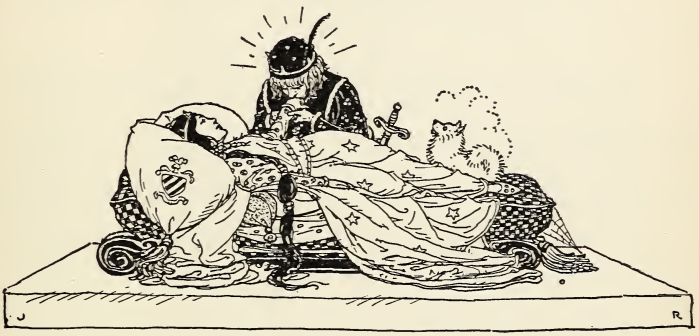
How surprised the prince was when he entered the sleeping castle! Nothing had changed there for a hundred years.

At last he came to the rose-colored room where little Dormilee lay on her rose-colored bed.

The prince was filled with wonder. He had never seen such a beautiful princess in

his life, but of course he had never seen a princess who had all the fairy gifts in the world.

He did not even notice that she was dressed like his great-grandmother.



He dropped on one knee and kissed the fingers of the sleeping princess. Then Dormilee opened her eyes, for this was the gift of the littlest fairy.

"I have waited a long time for you, my prince," said Dormilee.

As soon as she spoke, the castle came to life. The prime minister finished writing his

name. The kitchen maid pulled her fingers out of the cooky jar, and Mopsey jumped down from the rose-colored bed before any one saw her.

The king got down from his throne. "I have had a good nap, my dear," he said to the queen, "but I am very hungry."

And now you may be sure there was great feasting and merry-making in the castle. You may be sure, too, that the prince and the very littlest fairy sat at the head of the table.

Not long afterward the prince asked the king if he might marry Dormilee.

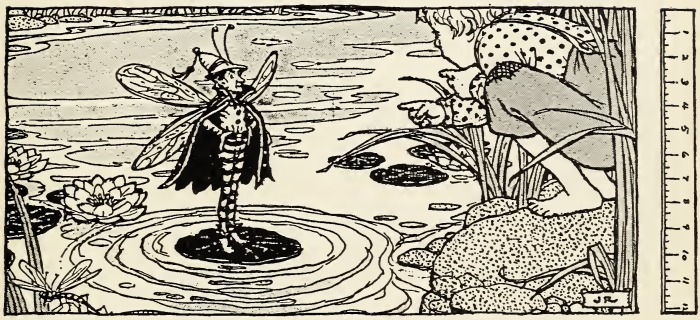
"Yes," said the king. "I should like that, and you and Dormilee may rule the land. I have sat on that throne for a hundred years and I am really very tired of it."

So the prince and Dormilee became king and queen, and every one was happy ever afterward.

A French Fairy Tale

THE LITTLE ELF–MAN

I met a little elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.



He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through;
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ALFRED THE GREAT

I

How Alfred Learned to Read

Long ago there lived in England a little boy named Alfred. His father was a king.

The king had four sons. They could all ride horses and shoot with bows and fight with swords, but not one of them could read or write.

In those days there were very few books. Men did not know how to print, and books had to be written by hand, with pen and ink. Only a few people learned to read.

The queen had a book with many verses in it and beautiful pictures painted in red and blue and green and gold.

One day she called the four boys to her and said, "My sons, the first one of you who can read this book may have it for his own."

Alfred's brothers said to one another, "We can ride and shoot and fight. Why should we learn to read?"

But Alfred wanted to know more about the verses and the beautiful pictures in the

book. That very day he found a man who could teach him to read. He studied day after day and tried so hard that soon he could read well.

Then he went to the queen and read the verses to her. She was very happy to hear her son read so well. She gave him the book, and he kept it all his life.

II

How Alfred Baked the Cakes

When Alfred grew up, he became king of England. He was a wise and good king, but he had a great many troubles.

The Danes came over the sea in ships to rob and kill the people of England. Alfred and his men fought bravely, but they could not drive the Danes away.

One day Alfred had to run through the woods alone to get away from the Danes.

When he was very tired and hungry, he came to a little hut. "This will be a safe place for me to rest," he said to himself.

A woodcutter and his wife lived in this hut. They thought Alfred was a poor man who was lost in the woods. They were glad to help him, and he rested there a few days.

One morning the woman made some little round cakes and put them down on the hearth near the fire to bake.

Alfred was sitting by the fire, so she said to him, "Just watch my cakes for me and don't let them burn. When one side is brown, turn them around."

Alfred's mind was full of care. He was thinking only of the Danes and how he could save his people from them.

What do you think happened to the little round cakes?

When the woman came back, she cried, "You lazy man! You like to eat my cakes,

but you are not willing to work. Now they are all burned."

The king was not used to being scolded like that, and I think he must have smiled to himself. He told the woman how sorry he was, and said that he would try hard to do better next time.

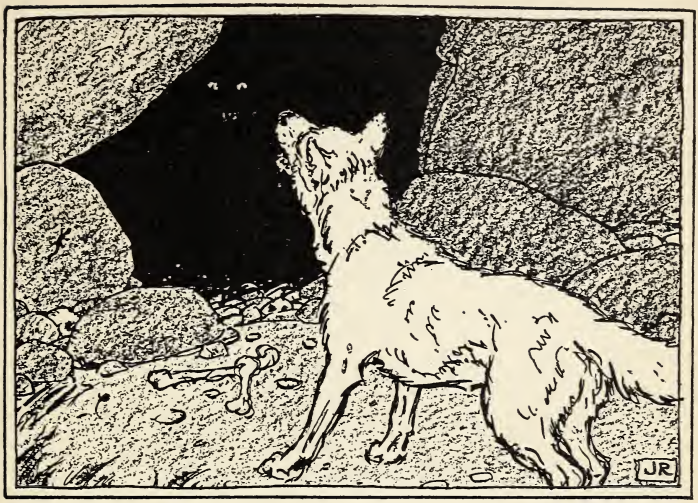
By and by King Alfred and his men were strong enough to fight the Danes again, and at last they drove them out of the country.

Alfred did so much for his people and was so great and so good that he has always been called Alfred the Great.

THE RAIN

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



THE SPEAKING CAVE

There was once a lion who lived in a great forest. He wandered about looking for food but found nothing, and he grew very, very hungry.

At last he came to a hole in the rocks. He said to himself, "Surely some one lives in here. I will go in and wait for him."

This cave was the home of a jackal. When he returned that night, he saw a

lion's foot-prints leading into the cave, but no foot-prints coming out. He said to himself, "There seems to be some one in there. I must find out who it is."

Then, going to the door, he called, "Ho there, cave! Ho there!"

He waited a little while and spoke again. "Don't you remember that I said I would call to you when I returned? Unless you answer me, I shall go off to my other home."

Hearing this, the lion thought, "I suppose the cave speaks to him whenever he comes back. Now it is silent because it is afraid of me. I will speak for the cave, so that this jackal may enter and become my food."

So he roared out, "Enter!"

But the jackal, hearing the lion's voice, ran off. As he ran, he called to the lion, "Though old and gray, I never before heard a cave speak."

A Story from India

THE STORY OF A LION

I

Long ago in the city of Rome there lived a poor slave named Androclus. His master was a cruel man who often beat his slaves.

The master was so cruel that at last Androclus ran away. He went far away from the city and wandered about in the forest. He could find nothing but roots to eat, so that he was almost starved.

After a few days he came to a cave in the woods. He crept into it and lay down to sleep.

When he opened his eyes again, he saw something that looked like two balls of fire shining from the door of the cave. They were the eyes of a great lion that stood watching him.

The man was sure that the end of his

life had come. The great lion came slowly toward him. "In a moment he will kill me," thought the poor man.

Then Androclus saw that the lion did not look angry. He limped and moved slowly as if his foot hurt him. When he came close to the man, he lay down and put his head on his paws.

Androclus saw that he need not be afraid. He lifted the lion's foot and looked at it. There was a long, sharp thorn in the foot.

The lion kept very still while the man pulled out the thorn. Then he leaped about like a dog and licked the man's face and hands. He said "thank you" as well as he could.

From that day Androclus and the lion were friends. They lived together in the cave in the wood. The lion brought food to Androclus and he became well and strong. He had never before been so happy. No one had ever been so kind to him.

II

Poor Androclus! His happiness lasted only a short time. One day some soldiers came into the forest. They found the slave and tied him with ropes and took him back to Rome.

Now in the city of Rome in those days the people had a cruel sport. They liked to see men fight with lions and other wild beasts. The Romans went to see these fights just as people now go to a circus.

When the soldiers took Androclus back to Rome, his master said that he must be punished for running away. "He must be kept in prison," said the cruel master. "Some day we will make him fight with a wild beast."

When the day came, the soldiers led Androclus to a place that looked like a great circus. Hundreds and hundreds of people had come to see the sport. They clapped and cheered when they saw the slave.

Poor Androclus stood alone before them. He could hear the roaring of the wild beasts. He looked up at the faces of the people. Not one of them showed a sign of pity. Not one cared whether he lived or died.

The door of a cage was opened and a big lion leaped out. The lion was hungry and angry. He leaped toward the slave. Again the people clapped their hands and cheered.

Suddenly the cheering stopped. The people of Rome were silent, for they saw a strange sight. They saw the slave put his arms around the lion's neck and lay his head upon the lion's rough coat.

They thought this was the strangest thing they had ever seen. They asked the slave to tell them what it meant. Then he told the story of his life in the cave.

"This is the lion that took care of me when I was sick," he said. "He is the best friend I ever had."

The people of Rome took pity upon the slave. "Androclus shall live!" they cried. "Let him go free! Free the lion also! Let the lion go free!"

So Androclus and the lion were freed, and they lived happily together in Rome for many years.

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES

I

Did you ever hear of the land where people wear wooden shoes? That is where John and Betty lived.

Perhaps you know that the name of this land is Holland. It is the home of the Dutch people. John was a little Dutch boy and Betty was his sister.

One day their mother said, "Betty, I am afraid that your wooden shoes are worn out. We must tell Father to buy you some new ones."

"Then may I throw these away?" asked Betty.

"No, don't do that," said John quickly. "I know of something better. It's a secret."

"Oh, good!" cried Betty.

"I'll tell you," said John, speaking softly. "Father had some paint left when he painted the boat. Let's ask him for it. You can take one shoe and paint it orange, and I'll take the other shoe and paint it blue."

PAINTING THE WOODEN SHOES

"What shall we do with them?" asked Betty.

"We'll use them for banks. We can keep

them on the shelf and save up our pennies. You know Saint Nicholas Day is coming."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Betty. "Then we can have some money to buy presents for Father and Mother. Mother said that if I helped her every day, she would give me a cent now and then."

"Father told me the same thing," said John. "Oh, Betty, I know what we must buy for Father. Some green velvet slippers! His best ones are wearing out."

"And I could make some green socks," said Betty. "But what shall we get for Mother?"

"We'll have time enough to think about that," answered John. "It is a long time to Saint Nicholas Day."

A few days later an orange shoe and a blue shoe stood on the shelf. Just before going to bed, Betty climbed up to have a last look at her bank. As she picked it up, something rattled.

She looked inside. There was a piece of money — not a penny or a five-cent piece, but a bright silver ten-cent piece.

John lost no time in looking into his bank, too. He found a bright ten-cent piece just like Betty's.

"Why, Mother, how did they come here?" he asked in surprise.

"That is for you to find out," she laughed. "Some one else can have a secret, besides you and Betty."

II

As the days went by, the pile of pennies grew bigger in the orange shoe and in the blue shoe. John and Betty had never been so quick to help their father and mother.

They did not spend even one piece of the money. To be sure, when they went past a candy shop, they had to take hold of hands and run fast. But all the time they thought of the green velvet slippers for Father.

The morning before Saint Nicholas Day, the children woke up very early. After breakfast the first thing they did was to get their wooden shoe banks.

Then such a whispering as went on!

"One — two — three — four — five cents. Ten — fifteen — twenty — twenty-five cents."

"I have just two gulden — two hundred cents," whispered John at last.

"I have two gulden and six cents over," Betty whispered back.

The children then hunted up their father.

"There is no school to-day, Father," John began.

"And, please, we'd like to go around in the shops," said Betty.

"Bless the children, Mother!" said Father. "You'd think they had real money to spend."

John and Betty hung their heads but said nothing.

"I don't mind, if Mother doesn't," went on Father.

"You may go," said Mother, "if you are sure you will not get lost. You must take good care of your sister, John."

III

There were no happier children in all Holland that day than John and Betty.

John had put all his own money and his sister's money into his pockets. He first made sure there were no holes in them.

The children found a shop with beautiful slippers in the window — green, red, brown, and blue velvet. They went in and asked to see the green ones. Soon they found the slippers they wanted.

"How much are these, sir?" asked John.

"Two gulden, my boy."

"We will take them, if you please."

"I'm sure somebody's father will have a happy Saint Nicholas Day," said the man, as the children went away.

Mother's present came next. John and Betty were trying hard to make up their minds what it should be. As they walked down the street, they saw a window filled with pretty teapots and a big sign, Two Gulden Each.

"The very thing," cried Betty. "You know Mother has broken her best teapot. I'm sure she would like a new one."

In a few moments they had bought a

pretty teapot for Mother, and John held it close to him so that it would not fall.

"What shall we do with the six cents that are left?" asked Betty.

"I know," said John. "Let's buy some Saint Nicholas cakes."

So they picked out some cakes in the form of letters. These were two for a cent,

and they bought twelve. The letter cakes spelled FATHER and MOTHER.

IV

I wish you might have taken a peep into their house the next morning. Such dancing and clapping of hands! Such talking and laughing and shouting!

Kind Saint Nicholas had ridden on his swift white horse over the roofs of houses, carrying good things to sleeping children far and wide.

"Do look at my lovely little doll," said Betty for the tenth time. "Isn't she a dear?"

"Oh, but do look at my skates," cried John, also for the tenth time.

Then the children left their new toys and hurried to get the presents they had bought. They placed the pretty things on the table with the letter cakes around them.

"For me?" cried Father, taking up the warm socks and velvet slippers.

"For me?" cried Mother, turning the teapot around so that she could see all the pretty pictures on it. "I think we have two dear good children, Father. What do you say?"

By the way Father kissed and patted the children, I think he thought so, too.

MAY EMERY HALL

THE WIND

O wind, why do you never rest,
Wandering, whistling, to and fro;
Bringing rain out of the west,
From the dim north bringing snow?

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING

Hang up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget;
The dear little dimpled darling
Has never seen Christmas yet.

But I told him all about it,
And he opened his big blue eyes;
I am sure he understood me,
He looked so funny and wise.

Dear, dear! What a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold

Such little pink toes as baby's,
Safe from the frost and cold.

But then, for the baby's Christmas,
It never will do at all;
For Santa Claus won't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for baby;
I've thought of the very best plan:
I'll borrow a stocking of Grandma —
The longest that ever I can.

And you shall hang it by mine, Mother,
Right here in the corner — so;
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on the toe.

"Dear Santa Claus, this is a stocking
Hung up for our baby dear;
You never have seen our darling,
For he only came this year.

"But he is a beautiful baby!
And now, before you go,
Please cram this stocking with presents,
From the top clear down to the toe."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

About sixty years ago there lived in Scotland a little boy named Robert Louis Stevenson.

Louis was often sick and in great pain, but he always tried to be brave and cheerful.

When he was so sick that he had to stay in bed, he played that he was a great giant in Counterpane Land. He made cities of toy houses among the bedclothes and marched his soldiers over pillow hills.

His kind nurse read to him and told him stories. When he was well again, he played these stories. Best of all, he liked to play

the stories that told about sailing to far-off lands.

Sometimes he started boats of green leaves down the river. He hoped that they would sail to other little children many miles away.

One day Louis and his cousin Tom built a ship of chairs. They planned to sail a long way in this ship. They took with them some nails and a saw. They thought they might be shipwrecked and might need to build a raft.

They also took an apple, a slice of cake,

and some water in a pail. They knew they could not sail for miles and miles without getting hungry and thirsty.

When night came, Louis sometimes played that his bed was a boat in which he sailed far, far away to the Land of Dreams.

In this land there were many strange things to see and to eat. There were many things to frighten him too, but before day came again, his boat always brought him safely home.

On windy days Louis saw the kites tossing in the sky and felt the wind push him about. He could never see the wind, so he thought it must be hiding from him.

On cold, dark nights, the wind sounded to him like a horseman riding by at a gallop. He wondered why the man galloped about all night in the cold and dark.

Louis Stevenson longed to take other children with him to his dear Land of Story-books, where he had been so happy. When

he grew to be a man, he wrote many poems and stories for children. After you have read them, you will surely think, as Louis did, that

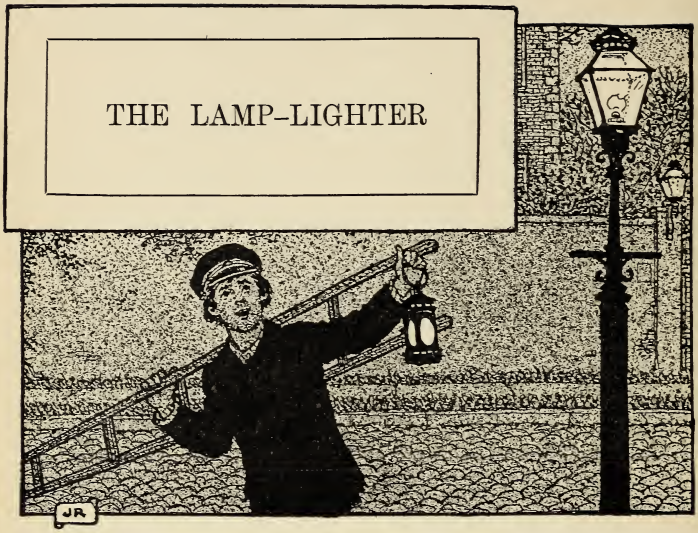
"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left
the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie
going by;
For every night at tea-time and before you
take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting
up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it, as he lights so many more;
And O, before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A GOOD PLAY

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;"
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE FOOLISH CROW

CROW BIG ROBIN LITTLE ROBIN FIRST FOX
SECOND FOX

I

The crow comes hopping along the road and finds a piece of cheese.

CROW: Ha, ha! Here is a fine big piece of cheese — just enough for my supper. I must find a place where I can eat it all by myself. What a fine supper I shall have!

She meets Big Robin and Little Robin.

BIG ROBIN: Please, Mrs. Crow, give us a bite of your cheese. It looks very good. It is such a big piece of cheese, and we are hungry.

LITTLE ROBIN: Yes, we are very hungry.

BIG ROBIN: You have more than enough for yourself.

Little Robin: More than enough.

Big Robin: We are so hungry.

Little Robin: So hungry.

The crow shakes her head and hurries on.

II

The crow flies up into a tree. Two foxes come walking along.

Fox 1: Well, Brother Fox, we must hurry if we are to get home for supper.

Fox 2: I'm hungry enough to eat now.

Fox 1: (*sees the crow.*) Hush! We shall have a bite now.

Fox 2: That's silly. You know very well we have nothing to eat.

Fox 1: Mrs. Crow up there has a fine piece of cheese.

Fox 2: She will keep it, too.

Fox 1: Wait and see. Go back a little way, and when I speak to you, answer me.

The second fox goes back, grumbling.

Fox 1: (*loudly*) Brother Fox, Brother Fox, did you see that beautiful crow in the tree?

Fox 2: No, Brother Fox. What kind of crow?

Fox 1: The most beautiful crow in the world, I am sure. Such beautiful black wings! Such bright eyes!

Fox 2: Indeed, she must be a beautiful crow.

Fox 1: If I could only hear her sing. I think she must have the finest voice in the world. You did not hear her sing, did you?

Fox 2: No, but I should like to hear her sing very much.

Fox 1: So should I. I should be very happy if I could only hear her sing.

Crow: Caw, caw, caw. Caw, caw, caw.

As the crow opens her mouth to sing, the cheese drops. The first fox picks it up. The second fox comes back.

Fox 1: Well, what did I tell you, Brother Fox?

Fox 2: Well done, Brother Fox.

Fox 1: Has she not a beautiful voice?

Fox 2: A beautiful voice! Ha, ha, let her sing for her supper.

Fox 1: Yes, let her sing for it. She will never get one by her wits.

Crow: Caw, caw, caw. Caw, caw, caw.

The foxes run away with the cheese, and the crow flies off.

WORD LIST

This list gives the new words in the SECOND READER, not including words already used in the MERRILL PRIMER and FIRST READER. The new words in each poem or story (or chapter of a story) are grouped together and are listed in the order in which they first appear in the text. The average of new words is a little less than four per page.

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